Ex-Postma-Lirt

THE DIPLOMATES.

ESTING PEN PICTURES.

Dull and Liteless - Baron o Dignity-The Turkish Minister Play thinese Diplomates' Wives

'orres; ondence.]

ories are told illustrative of his



not very long ago, the baron a jewelry store on Pennsylvania which is owned by a countryman Genoese named Desio. The baron ing at some jewelry, and the shopuming a little, perhaps, on the he and the minister were from country and of the same blood, / y put his band on his customer's while talking of the jewelry, and

With a vigorous and impatient he proud baron swept the aston-Desio's hand away, and ex-"How dare you, a mere tradesmajesty's minister. Don't you my dear sir' me!"

wit was vulgar for a gentleman, majesty's minister" at that, to always called a cab, even if he block or two to go, and the cabstand at the corner of Connecti-

American gurls are no more. The new minister would have none of at He has even had the cruelty to forbid coquetry in the park, and the maidens who have a few

time listening to the somewhat away in ! and uniatelligible guarantries of the young Chinamen, as they were wont to die year or so ago, meet with nothing but disap-Dointment

Since the fine spring weather came to us I have leafned of a new and pressant characteristic of the parx faced and comely Chinese women who eve in the big legation msgros, April 28.—A week or two bouse on Dupont Circle Months and rote a letter about the foreign lega-rote a letter about the foreign lega-months ago I wrote assut the strange ap-pearance of these high form ladies stumpand giving some descriptions and ing about the street on their little feet, of the legation houses. Now I which in one or two instances are not feet indulge in a little gossip about at all, any more than a pair of stilts have consics themselves. With Presi- feet, But since the nice weather came I and a majority of the have seen these ladies day after day in the all and featureless and official life ting the children who gather there for a in the most uninteresting routine romp. My own little girls go there nearly one turns almost by instinct to the every day, and are great favorites with the sic corps for something of color oriental ladies, who think a blonde, blue tractiveness. Baron Fava, one of eyed, golden haired American girl the it they they ever man man

seen the United States and Italy, verse. The presents of strange bonbons of in the American capital as a and handkerchiefs and trifles which the of a swell. He was a proud and little girls bring home are a source of conman, if ever there was one, and stant delight to their juvenile eyes. One of my little girls came home the other day notions concerning his own im- and said "a China lady" had kissed her and told her she loved her. These Chinese are not so bad after all.

I come now to a pretty little story from which I shall have to omit the names. It tacay once begged leave to paint simply such a perfect subject. This countess is a discovery of enormous wealth is more than little mite of a woman, no larger than an average ten year old girl, and while calling at a neighbor's house one day she lifted the baby of the house from his carriage, and jokingly said she was so small she could take a ride in it herself. The baby's father | \$50,000,000 into the hands of the governsaid, while he was, as a rule, opposed to wheeling a perambulator in public, it would give him great pleasure to push such a lovely child down the most prominent thoroughfare at high noon "You would not dare to take me down Connecticut avenue in the carriage," said the countess. "I'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll let me wheel you from here to the new Ladayette monument," said the baby's father.

The little countess' spirit was up. She did not believe the dignified and somewhat elderly gentleman would play such a prank, especially at such a price. He did not believe she had the nerve to take the. these bankers. He told them the story of journey. So both insisted they were willing, and then they discussed the hour at which the trip should be made. Here the

time of day, and she said she would be ready at 11 o'clock at night. This the other party to the contract demurred to as being contrary to the spirit if not the letter of the proposal; but being finally forced ave you know, sir, I am Baron to admit he had set no particular time a compromise was retitled by which he



NOTAB_E HOUNING BOOKS

NEW YOLE, A the of the most Tuesday interesting aterary ar years is the a plation have tren tery out W to careers field of basiness owrite a bank The ole man has it: book worth publis very fully exempting seems like General Jones, for the considering the writing postal servi 2 story of the States, enriched with anecho the United trations, of which his experiented film nished him so many.

has not yet een able to find the triand devote to the a wk, but by and by, wa' he is able to take more lessure, it is high, found in the probable that he will undertake a sort of ocketbook v popular history of the mighty expansion " shop be

been so magnificently developed are his. and he is familiar with the inside history of this service for the past twenty years, it was pr and much of it would furnish most thrilling and dramatic reading.

Mr. George S. Coe, who is one of the leading bank presidents of New York, is even now at work upon the story of the great financial crisis of 1861 and 1862, and of is of a countess, one of the handsomest wo ernment and the great bankers of this honesty the way in which it was met by the govmen in Washington, whose portrait Munty country. The story as he has told it to his woman friends in brief has all the charm of she said for the pleasure he could derive in treating romance. Even the tale of Monte Cristo's rivaled by the history of the way in which the government pleaded its poverty to the great bankers at the beginning of the civil war, and the manner in which these bankers, opening their vaults, put at one time ment, and received as security therefor nothing but the promise of the government to repay the loan. It was a most dramatic Rockies meeting on the dismal evening, soon after the war broke out, which was held at Mr. Coe's house in New York city.

A dozen bankers were there. In their vaults they held much of the gold then available in this country, and they held something which was even more valuable than this gold-they had the power to enhance the credit of the government or dangerously to depreciate it. That great man, Salmon P. Chase, who was Lincoln's first secretary of the treasury, sat facing the government's needs-that its treasury. quest o was practically bankrupt; that its credit | the rush was so poor that foreign nations doubted little countess had the best of it. No dis whether it would be able to raise money to the state of the s

ers pleadingly and plaintively what the government should do. Then, one after another, these men of millions, who also poaffect the government's credit, spoke their can dep

minds; not one of them faltered. They sphere proposed to do what in times of ordinary perate and ill advised, but they said that

the credit of the government was of more importance than the credit of any bank, and the faith of the government should be death Fa upheld by men of millions. As Mr. Coe | walls of tells the story the scene was thrilling and pathetic. The government, represented and yet doing so in no servile or und

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